

# THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER.

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No. 5.

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A Parable.

1. A certain lawyer, said unto Jesus, Who is my neighbor.
2. And Jesus, answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.
3. And they stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.
4. And, by chance, a certain priest came down that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.
5. And also a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him and passed by on the other side.
6. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.
7. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.
8. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him;
9. And whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will pay thee.
10. Which, now, of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?
11. And he said, He that showed mercy on him.
12. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise.

## FAMILY CONVERSATIONS.

On a dark rainy day, about the middle of December, the children, with the niece of Mrs. Stephens, were all gathered around her, as she laid on the table a basket containing shells, and presenting beautiful specimens of many varieties, which she requested them to arrange in order on the table before them.

As they examined the shells, Mrs. Stephens reminded the children, that all these had once contained living fish, and lay deep in the sea; that many of them had been driven on the shore, and had been taken up by people who went to look for

them. "These shells," she continued, pointing to one corner of the table, "are formed of only one piece, and are quite close, except a little opening, through which the fish received air and food. All these are called *univalves*. I will show you some shells formed of two pieces, they are called *bivalves*, and are fastened by a hinge at the back of the shells. Observe my children, how these shells can open; the oyster and clam, with which you are well acquainted, have shells of this class. They are called *bivalves*, because they are formed of two pieces."

"Univalves,—bivalves," repeated Henry, "are there any more kinds, mother?"

"Shells, my dear," replied his mother, "are divided into three classes,—univalves, or those having one piece;—bivalves, which have two pieces;—and multivalves, which have more than two. These names are from Latin words, meaning one, two, and many valves, or closing pieces."

"I think, aunt, I never saw any multivalve shells," said Jane, "where are they found?"

"There is one kind which frequently fastens to the back of oysters, my dear; the name for that particular shell is *lepas*. I think I have a specimen of it quite perfect."

"I have seen the *lepas*, mother," said Henry, "and I think I know of a great many multivalves;—these are crabs, lobsters, and crayfish."

"These are not classed among shells, my dear; they are called *crustaceous* animals; shells are called *testaceous*; from Latin words, which mark the difference between them."

"What makes the difference, mother?" said Mary.

"I cannot make you understand every difference at present, my love; but I will tell you of one very plain distinction between crustaceous and testaceous animals, and I beg you will attend. It is well known that crabs, lobsters, and all crustaceous animals, cast their shells every year; that is, they put off their old shells, and get new ones. I have seen a crab with a shell so soft, that it was like a soft skin. They become hard in a little time.—Testaceous animals never change their shells. The youngest little animal of this kind has a perfect shell, hard, though small; as he grows he adds to his shell, and makes it larger. They likewise have the power of mending broken shells; here is a mended shell, which you may observe."

"Can you tell me, aunt, how the fish mends its shell?"

"I have not had an opportunity of observing it closely, my dear; I only know that a kind of lime, or chalk, is the principal material used."

"How very curious!" said Jane; "how can they find lime?"

"As your knowledge of the works of God increases, my dear Jane," replied her aunt, "you will know that he has made ample provision for the necessities of all His creatures, and the most minute objects declare His almighty power, and His care. Lime is a very common substance, and found almost every where,—this chimney piece for instance, is lime."

"Dear mother, how wonderful! I always thought it was marble."

"So it is, my dear; marble is a kind of lime."

"O aunt, I do think that marble must be made of shells too: for do you not recollect the black marble with white spots, in our dining room? almost every spot has the shape of some shell."

"You see this is almost always the case in that

kind of marble, which is called Kilkenny marble, being from a place of that name, in Ireland; here is a piece of rough marble that I have kept on account of the shells which are so easily seen in it. Shells are often found in marble in different parts of the world, but that from Kilkenny is most common."

"Yes, mother, it seems to be shells made hard, and stuck together with hard clay."

"Look at the other side, my dear!"

"How curious! why this is quite smooth and shining, like real marble."

"I think this specimen of value, because it shows the change which takes place in the shells; I had one side polished, and you observe it is marble, the other is just a collection of petrified shells."

"Mother, if you please, will you tell me the meaning of that word?"

"It means, turned into stone, my love; from a Greek word, *petros*, a stone."

"Aunt, will you be so kind as to tell me how shells can be turned into stone?"

"Both vegetable and animal substances are often petrified; here is a piece of petrified wood; you see the fibres, the grain of the wood; it looks like wood; but feel it, scrape it with your knife, it is stone!"

"How very strange! but how could it become stone?"

"This is a process which cannot be described, because it cannot be seen. In some manner, which we do not know, the particles become changed, without the forms being changed. Thus the wood keeps its stripes, and even its bark and fibres; yet the vegetable is gone, and you find lime or flint.—The vegetable matter must have been dissolved by some liquid, while the stony matter, which was in this liquid, (as salt is in salt water,) took its place so nicely, that all the form is complete."

"How wonderful are the works of God! Do you think, mother, the wisest man in the world knows every thing that can be known about them?"

"No, indeed, Henry, he does not: the works of the Almighty Creator, are so great, that they can never be understood, even, we may suppose, by angels; and the wisest men soon find their knowledge to be small; but the study of the works of God is a delightful and useful employment. I have now business to attend to, and must leave you, my dear children."

"O, will you not tell us more about the works of God, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I hope to do so some other time, if you all wish it."

"We do, we do, indeed," sounded from every voice, as Mr. Stephens left the room.

## FAITH.

Children are early capable of impression. I imprinted on my daughter the idea of *faith*, at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said, "my dear, you have some pretty beads there." "Yes, Papa." "Well now, throw them behind the fire." The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. "Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do any thing which I did not think would be good for you." She then, summoning up all her fortitude, dashed them into the fire. "Well," said I, "there let them

lie." Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure, and set it before her: She burst into tears with ecstasy. "Those, my child," said I, "are yours; because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire." Now that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what FAITH is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of FAITH. You threw your beads away when I bade you, because you had faith in me, that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing that he says in his word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means your good."—*Cecil.*

#### THE PATIENT BOY.

A pious little boy who belonged to a Sunday-School in Philadelphia, scratched his leg with a nail. In a few days it became very sore. His mother tried to cure it herself, but nothing that she put on had the effect she wished; and as it grew worse every day, she asked a doctor to come and see him.

When the doctor saw the little boy's leg, and saw how red it looked, and the little boy told him how much it pained him, though he felt very sorry for the poor boy, he told him that it must be cut off or perhaps he would lose his life.

This was bad news for poor Henry, but you shall read how he bore it.

The day before his leg was to be cut off, Henry's Sunday-school teacher came to see him. He found him in a great deal of pain, but making no complaints.

His teacher asked him if he was ready to suffer more pain? he said yes, and that he hoped God had heard his prayers, and prepared him to bear all that was to happen to him.

After some more conversation between them, the teacher promised to be with Henry while they were cutting off his leg. How happy this teacher must have been to find that his instructions had been blessed to this little boy in such a manner, that he was willing to do and suffer all the will of God.

What was most remarkable in Henry's conduct, was, that all the time that the doctor was cutting off his leg, he did not groan once, but two or three times was heard to say:—

"The Lord be praised."

Children, when they are sick or in pain, are almost always cross and peevish; they should remember how this little boy suffered, and how patiently he bore all his pain. They should not worry or tease their parents with idle complaints.

Good children who love God, keep his commandments, and love the Bible, have a friend above all others. They have for their friend their Creator and Redeemer.

#### THE HARE.

Whilst Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, a young Hare was brought to him, which he took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it was so frolicsome, that it would run and jump about his sofa and bed. Sometimes, in its play it would leap upon, and pat him with its forefeet; or, whilst he was reading, would even knock the book out of his hand. But whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

Mr Borlase saw a Hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lie under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear in every other respect as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but, after regaling itself always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a grey-

hound and a spaniel, both so fond of hare-hunting, without any person accompany them. With these two dogs his tame Hare spent its evenings: they always slept on the same hearth and it would frequently rest itself upon them.

**Scraps of History.** In the reign of Henry VII. there did not grow in England any vegetable or eatable root, such as carrot, parsnip, cabbage, &c. Turkeys, fowls, &c. were introduced there about the year 1524. The currant shrub was brought from the Island of Zante, A. D. 1553. Pocket watches were brought there from Germany, 1577. About the year 1580, coaches were introduced. A saw mill was erected near London in 1633, but afterwards demolished, that it might not deprive the labouring poor of employment. Tea was introduced into England in 1666, and soon became a fashionable drink. It was sold then for 60s. per lb. It was boiled in pots, and served up with butter.

#### CINCINNATI, MARCH 4, 1834.

##### A LETTER

To the Readers of the Child's Newspaper.

CINCINNATI, March 4, 1834.

*My Dear Friends,*—I have been away from Cincinnati most of the time for four or five weeks, so that I have written but little for your paper. The last number was made up by other friends of children, and I was glad to see that they had given you such a good paper. You will be pleased to hear that your little newspaper is now read by children in every state of the United States, and we send some to Canada. We have at present five hundred subscribers, and new ones are coming every day.

I have lately visited *Kentucky*, and there I saw several little children who loved to pray and read their Bibles. Quite a number there have lately united with the church, and mean to direct their whole life to the service of God. Little Samuel, mentioned in the Bible, served God when he was a child, and why should not all children do the same? Your Heavenly Father is pleased, when you "remember Him" and obey his commandments. May His blessing rest upon you!

THOMAS BRAINERD.

#### A NEGLECTED BOY.

When a minister of the gospel visited a certain family, he conversed with all the members about the interest of their souls, except one little boy four years old. When the minister was gone, this little boy said, "Mother, Mr. M. did not care about my soul." "What makes you think so, child?" "Why, he didn't try to put me in the good way."

#### CHILDREN WHO LOVE THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

At Louisville, we saw two little girls who had come with their mother eight miles to attend the Sunday School and the Church. Now there are some children in Cincinnati who can hardly rise early enough, to go a quarter of mile to Sunday School by nine o'clock in the morning. What if they had to go eight miles in muddy roads?

The mother of these little girls in Louisville, was a teacher in the school. I know she loves the souls of little children, or else she would not come eight miles every morning to attend the school. Her example should be a reproof to those fathers and mothers who never can find time on the Sabbath to visit the school where their children are instructed in the Bible.

#### WHAT PLEASED A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

The Hon. WILLIAM WIRT, one of the greatest and best men of our country, died at Washington February 19, aged 62 years. No man's death could be more lamented. He was not only wise but good. He was a good Lawyer, a good statesman, a good neighbour, a good husband, a good father, and above all a good Christian.

Six years ago we travelled with him from New York to Boston. He told us that he had seen a great many pleasant

things in N. England, but nothing which delighted him more than the good manners of the little children. He said that Mrs. Wirt and himself were passing by a school house in a carriage, while the children were out to play. They were over in a lot, but they all ran to the roadside and stood in a row, and each boy made his best "bow," and each girl her best "courtesy," as the carriage passed by. One little girl climbed up on the fence, but was afraid to jump down, so she made her "courtesy" on the fence. The behavior of these little children seemed to delight Mr. Wirt very much; and if our little friends would get the affection of the great and good, they must not forget to be "mannerly."

#### SPRING IS COMING.

It is March now. The clear nights are still cold and frosty, and the winds blow chill, and the forests still look naked and dreary, but our friends perceive that the days are growing longer and warmer. The buds on the trees begin to swell, and the green grass begins to peep up slowly from the pastures and meadows. Soon the days will become long and warm. Refreshing showers will fall, and all nature will be decked in the beautiful robes of Spring. Then our little friends in the country who have been shivering over the fire, will sally forth to pluck the wild flowers on the hills. The cattle will be sent forth to pick their food in the forest. The farmer will plant his corn with the hope of gaining an abundant harvest. The little birds will come back from the warm regions of the south, to build their nests and fill the air with their music. A thousand insects will sport in the air, and all nature that has life will be in motion.

How good is that God who makes the seasons come and go, and who has created ten thousand creatures to enjoy his bounty!

#### SENECA.

Seneca lived in Rome almost two thousand years ago. He was a wise man. He said a man might prepare medicine for sickness, and yet never be sick; he might lay up money for a time of want, and want never come; he might provide arms to defend himself, and never have enemies; but if he made provision for death, he would certainly need it, for death would certainly come.

"Death cuts down all,  
Both great and small."

MR. BREATHITT, the Governor of Kentucky, died week before last. He had labored hard to attain that high station, but he had held it but a few months, when death came and removed him from all worldly honors. Let us all be more anxious to live well, than to become great, for earthly greatness will avail us nothing when we come to die.

#### To the Readers of the Child's Newspaper.

OXFORD, Ohio, March 1st, 1834.

*My Dear Young Friends,*—Do you remember the interesting account of James Barrows, that was in a late paper. He was a lovely, pious boy, and I could tell you a great many more interesting things about him, but will mention only one now.

When he was nine years old, I went into the Sabbath school where he and more than a hundred other little boys and girls were reciting, and heard a minister talk to them. He told them that he was afraid they had bad hearts, and he would tell them how they might know. "If," said he, "you tell lies, speak wicked words, do not obey your parents, or get angry with your brothers or sisters, or playmates, it is a sign that you have bad hearts. If you love to laugh and play, and run about in the meadows or woods on the Sabbath day; or if you do not love to read the Bible, and pray, it all shows that you have bad hearts." When little James heard this, he cried, and thought surely he had a bad heart, and could not go to heaven with good children with such a heart. He prayed, and talked with his mother, was very sorry for all his sins, and especially that he had so bad a heart, and the Lord gave him a better one. After this, he was very happy, and loved to pray, read his Bible, and keep the Sabbath day, and now he has gone to heaven to be happy for ever and ever. Now, my little readers, is



it not possible that you have bad hearts, and that if a log should crush your heads to day, you could never dwell with James Barrows in heaven, but would be sent to that unhappy place where wicked children will be punished for ever and ever?

A FRIEND TO CHILDREN.

For the Child's Newspaper.

#### A FATHER'S LECTURES TO HIS CHILDREN.—NO. 4.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You all wish to be happy. But have you never thought that to be happy you must be good? The great God who made all things has said that sin and suffering, goodness and happiness shall go together. Therefore the bad cannot be happy; neither can the good be unhappy. Those also who do wrong, generally disturb the peace of others. Hence they are not only their own enemies, by making themselves miserable; but, on account of the trouble they occasion, they are regarded as enemies by others. How terrible an evil, then, is sin! The sinner is pursuing a course which makes him hateful as well as wretched.

Suppose you, my dear children, determine, (and the Lord grant you grace so to do!) that you will obey the blessed Saviour's commands to follow after peace, and always to be kind and gentle, tender hearted and forgiving,—I can tell you what will certainly follow,—you will be loved by others, and very happy in your own hearts. But on the other hand, the child that is quarrelsome with his playmates, and tyrannizing over those less or weaker than himself, cannot but be discontented and uneasy.

I was told of a little boy, the other day, who fell foul of another smaller than himself, and kicked him and otherwise illy treated him. His teacher was, of course, obliged to whip him. But this was not his worst punishment,—for I discovered that his bad temper and wicked conduct made him generally disliked. "He is a miserable, bad boy," said a girl who had once gone with him to another school. Certainly, my dear children, unless this quarrelsome boy repents of his evil ways, he will not go to heaven when he dies, for "God is love," and all in that blessed place love one another,—this is the reason why they are so happy.

That great and good man, Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, tells the following short, but interesting story, the truth of which he well knew. A deacon, (that is an officer of the church,) was shamefully abused by a passionate man. He very calmly bore, however, all the violent language which was poured out upon him. The angry man at last said "I will do you all the harm I can!" Now, who can help loving this kind, patient, forgiving deacon? He was certainly a good and a happy man. But the angry man must have felt very bad in his own mind;—who could love him?

#### LETTERS.

CHARLOTTE, Dickson Co. Tennessee.

MESSES. COREY & FAIRBANK:

Gentlemen,—I saw the Child's Newspaper you sent to my father the first number. I like it much, and will be fond to take it, if you will take the enclosed dollar. It is all I have. I am to work eight days for it. I am only ten years old, and my father is poor. I live in the above named little village. We have no Sunday school here, and am pleased with your little paper—what is the reason there is no Sunday school in our town? I wish I lived in Cincinnati, so I could go to Sunday school. Please put my own name on the paper, and direct it to the above named place. I will try and get more subscribers. Gentlemen, I think Heaven will bless you for your undertaking.

Believe me, Gentlemen, to be your friend,

L. F.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill. Feb. 5th, 1834.

MESSES. COREY & FAIRBANK:

Sirs,—I received one number of the Child's Newspaper. I am much pleased with it. I have got three other boys to take it, and send you their money, which will entitle me to a fourth copy.

You will please direct them to the following persons, viz: J. H. C., M. P. A., G. P. G., and the other to myself. You will direct them to the above named place.—I am about ten years old. I'm a going to get you some more subscribers when the papers come on, so that I can show them to the boys, and forward their names to you. I like to do good. I am a going to be a missionary.

Yours,

W. C. G.

BATAVIA, Clermont Co. Feb. 11th, 1834.

Dear Sir,—We have received the Child's Newspaper, and we have read it through, and are very much pleased with it, and want you to send it to us for one year: we here inclose the dollar to pay for it. We wish all the children could have such a paper to read, because it will learn us how to read, and direct us how to live and be good children. We hope you will keep the paper full of all the good things that you can, and printed so that we can read it.

M. H. F.  
J. F.

Rev. T. Brainerd.

For the Child's Newspaper.

#### BRIEF MEMOIR OF A SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

This remarkable youth, Luke Bird Ryan, who lived in Picketon, Pike Co. Ohio, died December 25, 1833, aged 14 years and 3 days.—He was very small of his age—was never known to swear, or use any wicked words. He had been marked by many for his good conduct and seriousness. He almost always attended preaching, and gave great attention—was noticed by one of the neighbors in the fore part of last summer for his strict attention, who remarked, that he thought this boy would be a preacher, he was so attentive. He was very much interested in the Sabbath School, from the time it was first formed in the place where he lived, which was two years ago this spring. He listened to the instructions there given with the deepest interest—here he received serious and lasting impressions; here, as he expressed it, "I learned how to pray." It cannot be recollected that he missed attending Sabbath school but one Sabbath from the time it was formed to the time he was hurt, nearly two years. Last November 17th, he was kicked by a horse, which he was leading to water, on the side of his head, just above the right ear. He died in 38 days after. Six pieces of bone were taken out of his head at the time he was hurt, yet he had his senses nearly all the time he lived, and thanked the physicians, after the operation, for their kindness.

The minister was called in to pray for him when he was first hurt; he remembered and repeated afterwards most of his prayers—said, "O! how good he prayed for me!" The same day he told his eldest sister, who was crying over him, "not to cry, for I am going to die and go to heaven."

The second night after his hurt, putting his arms around his father's neck, he said, "O! papa, I want to go to heaven, don't you want to go too, papa?" After his father had overcome the deep feelings produced by this all-important question, he said to his son, "you have been a bad boy—disobeyed your parents, me and your mother." "I know I have," said he, "been a bad boy, but I won't be so any more."

He thought and said much about the Sabbath school. On the 4th day after he was wounded, he felt so much indebted to his teacher he sent for him, thanked him, and said, among other things, "what shall I give you? you have learned me so much!"

He continued to get better for about three weeks, talking much about the Sabbath school, and hoping he would soon be able to attend it. He also felt much anxiety about wicked sinners, as he called all who do not profess religion. During this time he was a powerful preacher to sinners. The 4th week, on Friday, he was worse, taken with the chills, which were followed with a high fever for some days. The Monday after the minister called and conversed with him, particularly on the evidences of a change of heart. He gave the clearest evidence that he had been renewed and taught by the Holy Spirit.

When questioned about dying, he said he should like to get well, so that he could go to the Sabbath school, and, when he got to be a man to form a Sabbath school himself; and he wished to die, so that he might go to heaven, and meet all his good friends there, meaning all pious people.

When the minister was about to pray, he asked him what he wanted he should pray for. "Pray," he said, "for me—for Sabbath school scholars—and all the wicked sinners in Picketon; pray that the Lord would make them better, so that they can go to heaven." Before prayer, he would have a certain playmate sent for who lived near by. When he came, he said to him, "my dear George, you have been a wicked sinner—I want you to be good and repent. Now Mr. ——— is going to pray, I want you to kneel down here at the side of the bed, and pray too."

After prayer, he said, "how much good it does me to pray! is there not some one else here (the room being full) who will pray?" Then he began to talk about his grand-papa, and these wicked sinners, i.e. those then in the room, till all were in tears. After a little he began to talk about the kindness of his grand-papa and a Mr. L. a near neighbour, who had both attended much on him during his sickness. He said, "I should like to get well, so I could pay them for their kindness to me." He was told he could pray for them. "Yes," he said, "I can and have prayed for them, and I hope God will bless them!"

He was asked how much he wished to give Mr. L. "A great deal," he said. Asked if he would give him \$1000. He answered, "I have not got that much money, and I don't wish to have so much." Was asked why. "He answered, 'because if I had, I should soon die and lose my soul and money, too.'"

In the evening of the same day, the superintendent of a Sabbath school in Chillicothe being in town, called to see him, who, after much very interesting conversation, asked him what request he had to send to the Sabbath school scholars in Chil-

licothe. He said "that they may all be good children—obey their parents—learn fast—and repent;" and said he hoped to meet them all in heaven—then repeated the following lines.

- I. Have thou no other God but me.
- II. Unto no image bow thy knee.
- III. Take not the name of God in vain.
- IV. Do not the Sabbath day profane.
- V. Honor thy father and mother too.
- VI. And see that thou no murder do.
- VII. From whoredom keep thee chaste and clean.
- VIII. And steal not though thy state be mean.
- IX. Of false report bear not the blot.
- X. What is thy neighbor's covet not.\*

He was then asked, "if you die, what will become of you?" He answered, "I know God has forgiven my sins for Christ's sake, and, when I die, I shall go to heaven;" then added, "I hope God will forgive my brother's sins—I have talked with him much, and I have talked with a good many Sabbath school scholars and hope they will do better, and with many old people too, but I am afraid their hearts are so hard, that they won't repent—I shan't see them in heaven;" then said, "I know the Lord has forgiven my sins."

Was asked by another, "If you die before morning, what will be your exercises then?" He said, "I shall go to heaven, and sing praises for ever;" then added, "O! there is no sickness—no pain—no sorrow—no hunger—no thirsting—no weariness—and no bruises there" (referring to his wounded head.) Was asked, if he was glad that there was no end to the employments of heaven. "O! yes," said he, "two or three years ago I was so happy I was in hopes that, when I went to sleep, I should die before I awoke and be in heaven praising God."

He was asked if he had any appetite to eat. "Yes," he said, "a little;" then added, "Lazarus starved to death at the rich man's gate,"—repeated the parable of Dives and Lazarus, explained it, and closed with the remark, that the dogs had more compassion than the rich man.

Was asked if he prayed much. "O, yes!" he said, "I delight to pray, and love to have Christians pray for me, it does me so much good!"

Talking with his teacher about his class, he said, "I hope they will be good and learn fast, and that the Lord will forgive their sins, for He has mine;" then adds, "Oh teach us more of thy word!" Speaking of sinners he said, "Christ came to save sinners; he did not come to save righteous men." A pious man, who was present at this time, afterwards said, speaking of this youth, he seemed to be so full of love to God and to souls, that he could not contain himself; and he seemed to have such views of the upper world as none but the Holy Spirit could teach him: the doctrines of Christianity seemed to be all clear in his mind, and the glories of Heaven open to his view.

The Friday before he died, he asked his father if he ought not to be baptized? He said, yes. The minister was sent for, who asked him why he wanted to be baptized. He said, "because it was the command of Jesus Christ." Other questions were asked him on the subject, which he answered with propriety. The nature of the institution was then explained, remarks made to those present, the ordinance administered, and closed by prayer.

This was truly an affecting scene—all were in tears but the child baptized, who was rejoicing in view of the goodness of God to him; but it soon became still more affecting, for the apparently dying saint immediately asked, "Is there no other here, who will pray—I want to hear more prayer." But all were too full, too much overcome. He then said to one, (a professor of religion,) "if you will not pray for me, I will pray for you;" and then made a short but comprehensive prayer. He continued calm and self-possessed through the whole, while all present were overwhelmed with tears. He called five little Sabbath-school girls, who were present, to him, desiring them to kiss him, said, "O may may God bless your little souls." Then said to his elder brother, "they say I shan't live till morning—you have been a wicked boy: I want you to obey your mother and do all she tells you: I want you to repent and prepare for heaven, for I want to meet you there." Weariness reminded him of rest, he repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c. Then the affecting scene closed.

During all his sickness, he seemed to delight in nothing so much as religious conversation and prayer.

From Friday night, the time he was baptized, to Sabbath day, he failed very fast. Sabbath evening, he became speechless, and continued so till he died, Wednesday.

At his funeral, the Sabbath school scholars walked in procession to the grave. At the grave, prayer was offered, in which mention was made that he would no more be seen in the family, in the Sabbath school, nor in the streets, &c. when there was almost a universal burst of crying among the children and others.

The above narrative is but a very faint description of the tender and affecting scenes which transpired during his sickness. Language utterly fails in presenting adequate conceptions of such scenes. None but those who witnessed them, the manner, the emotions, the circumstances, &c. can have full conceptions of the reality.

\*These lines are the ten commandments rendered in metre, found in the Mother's Catechism for the young child, a little book which this youth valued very highly.

## POETRY.



The following simple, but touching little piece of poetry, was transcribed by a little girl who reads our paper, and handed to us for insertion; and as we like to oblige children who take an interest in good things, we gladly comply with her wishes.

## THE LOST NESTLINGS.

By Miss Gould.

1.  
"Have you seen my darling nestlings?"  
A mother robin cried.  
"I cannot, cannot find them,  
Though I've sought them far and wide.
2.  
"I left them well this morning,  
When I went to seek their food;  
But I found, upon returning,  
I'd a nest without a brood.
3.  
"O, have you nought to tell me,  
That will ease my aching breast,  
About my tender offspring  
That I left within the nest?"
4.  
"I've called them in the bushes,  
And the rolling stream beside,  
Yet they come not to my bidding,  
I'm afraid they all have died!"
5.  
"I can tell you all about them,"  
Said a little wanton boy.  
"For 'twas I that had the pleasure  
Your nestlings to destroy.
6.  
"But I did not think their mother  
Her little ones would miss,  
Or even come to hail me  
With a wailing sound like this.
7.  
"I did not know your bosom  
Was formed to suffer woe,  
Or to mourn your murdered children,  
Or I'd not have grieved you so.
8.  
"I'm sorry that I've taken  
The lives I can't restore,  
And this regret shall teach me  
To do the thing no more.
9.  
"I ever shall remember  
The plaintive sounds I've heard,  
Nor kill another nestling  
To pain a mother bird."

## SPORTS OF INSECTS.

It is not generally known that some of the smallest insects are discovered to enjoy themselves in sports and amusements, after their ordinary toils, or satiating themselves with food, just as regularly as is the case with many human beings. They run races, wrestle with each other, and, out of fun, carry each other on their backs much in the same manner as boys. These pleasing characteristics of insects are particularly observable among ants, which are remarkable for their sagacity. Bonnet, a French author, says, he observed a small species of ants, which in the intervals of their industry, employed themselves in carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his

bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs.--Gould, another writer on ants, mentions that he has often witnessed these exercises, and says, that in all cases, after being carried a certain length, the ant was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement is often repeated, particularly among the hill ants, who are very fond of this sportive exercise.

## THE GOAT IN THE WELL.

One fine evening, after a hot summer's day a goat left his shed, where he had been put up for the night. He wished to take a walk and enjoy the delicious coolness after sunset. The moon was shining bright and the sky had not a cloud over it. The goat rambled through several fields, leaping over the hedges and ditches with great pleasure, until he came to a farm-yard.

In the middle of this farm-yard was a well. The lid of it was off. The goat came close up to the edge of the well and looked down. He saw something round and bright in the water at the bottom. It was the reflection of the moon that was shining in the sky. But this the goat did not know.

"What a curious round bright thing that is at the bottom of this hole!" thought he. "What can it be? I should like much to know what it is." So he walked round the edge of the well trying to discover which would be the best way to get down the hole, and so reach the wonder.

At one side of the well stood the bucket that was used for the purpose of drawing up the water.

The goat was charmed. He thought this bucket would make a fine carriage, and he pushed it off the ground. He saw the rope by which it was held begin to unwind, and the bucket itself begin to go down. "Ah!" thought he, "this is just the thing. I will jump in and go down, and satisfy myself as to what the bright thing is."

Silly goat! in his eagerness to gratify his curiosity, he never thought of the way in which, when once down, he should get up again. So in he sprang, and down, down, down went the bucket, and then splash it went into the cold water.

The sudden dash into the water quite frightened him. The bucket was in a moment half full of water, and the goat found himself wet and cold.

He began to "na-an, na-an," most piteously. The bright round thing which he had come after was gone; and all that he had got as a reward for his curiosity was a seat in a narrow bucket half filled with cold water. He looked up. There shone the full clear moon. At first he thought that the bright round thing had moved. But afterwards he began to grow more wise. At last he felt quite sure that what he saw in the sky was the moon, and that it was the reflection of the moon that he had seen in the water of the well.

What could he do? He could not get the bucket up again. He was cold, and wet, and hungry. Bitterly did he repent his imprudent curiosity. He could only bleat, "na-an, na-an," as loud as possible.

Presently a cow which was in the farm-yard, hearing such a continued noise, came to the side of the well and looked down. She saw at the bottom of the well, a pair of large horns, two bright eyes, and a long beard hanging from beneath a chin.

"Na-an, na-an," bleated the unhappy goat.

"Moo-oo, moo," lowed the cow, and then she walked away.

Next came the cock to see what was the matter. He, too, could only see the horns, and the eyes, and the beard, just above the bucket. He looked a minute, and then with a loud "cock-a-doodle-do," strutted off.

Poor goat! he was quite in despair, when he saw a sheep peeping down at him. She answered his bleating by a loud "baa." But the sheep could no

more help the goat than the cock or the cow could, so she walked away also.

The goat was a long time down in the well; and was visited by a horse, a pig, and a donkey. They could only neigh, grunt, and bray, none could help him.

The noise in the farm-yard at last aroused the house-dog, who, shaking himself up from the straw he was sleeping on, ran to the well. He looked down and saw the two horns, the bright eyes, and the long beard; and heard the sad "na-an, na-an," of the miserable goat. He barked "bow-wow, bow-wow," and away he went full speed to the kitchen of the farm-house, where his master was seated eating his supper. He barked loud and pulled his master's coat with his teeth.

"Down, Spring, down," cried the man.

"Bow-wow-wow," barked the dog, tugging at his master's coat harder than ever.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" said his master.

Spring whined, ran to the door, came back, pulled the coat, and plainly made his master understand that he wanted him to go out into the farm-yard for something.

"There must be something the matter," said the man, "that makes this dog so uneasy. I will go and see.

So up he rose, and the dog showed his pleasure by jumping and barking. He followed the dog, who led him straight to the well.

The man looked down, and saw the horns, the eyes, and beard of the goat. "What brought you here, you silly goat," said he, taking hold of the handle of the windlass, and beginning to wind up the bucket. Round, round, round went the rope, till the bucket came up to the top, and out leaped the shivering goat. Away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, never again to venture into a well. Indeed it is to be hoped, that after so much fright and danger, he never would venture into any place until he was certain that he should be able to find his way out again.

The man patted the dog, and patted him, and gave him a bone for his trouble. The dog returned quite happy to his kennel.—*Parley's Magazine.*

## ANECDOTES OF INSECTS.

The grubs of some two winged flies and of wasps, bees, ants, and ichneumon flies, do not change their skins; but spiders and allied tribes though they exhibit no other appearance of larvæ, moult frequently during their growth. Goldsmith, among other curious misstatements respecting a house-spider which he himself observed, asserts that it "lived three years, every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs: I have sometimes plucked off a limb, which grew again in two or three days." The fact is, that few spiders live one year, much less three; and all their changes of skin are gone through in a few months, and their acquiring new legs for mutilated ones takes some weeks. It is probable, indeed, that Goldsmith never thought of ascertaining the identity of this spider; if the whole story be not a mere fancy, like his assertion that spiders, "when they walk upon such bodies as are perfectly smooth, as looking-glass or polished marble, squeeze a little sponge which grows near the extremity of their claws, and thus diffusing a glutinous substance, adhere to the surface till they make a second step." Neither spiders nor any insects with which we are acquainted can thus produce gum from their feet to aid them in walking upon glass, though the house-fly can walk thus by causing a vacuum between its feet and the glass, as we shall subsequently describe at length. But the spider and all caterpillars can only climb in such cases by constructing a ladder of ropes, as is represented by Rosel in the instance of the goat moth caterpillar.



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